

Gravity Hill



Volume VIII

Gravity Hill

Volume VIII

Anna Egeln, EDITOR

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COVER ART
“Forbidden”
Victoria Bickett

Editor's Letter

The 2011-2012 school year was one of big changes for St. Andrews. We merged with our sister school, Webber International University, and became a university ourselves. Along with that came the transition in the athletic department to NAIA. With the arrival of new coaches and professors and other adjustments, this year was definitely one to remember.

In the spirit of change, I decided to go with a bold new look for the 8th edition of *Gravity Hill*. However, the traditions of this literary magazine and the spirit of St. Andrews remain intact. With the inclusion of both students' and community members' pieces, *Gravity Hill*, as always, successfully merges a diverse range of creativity into one outstanding magazine.

I'd like to thank all of the creative people who submitted their work because without you, *Gravity Hill* would not exist.

Next, a huge thank you to Ted Wojtasik for giving me this opportunity as well as being very understanding of my unfortunate procrastination habits.

Another person who needs a gigantic thank you is Cate Johnson for also working with my "last minute-ness" and fixing any and all issues I came across while editing the magazine: formatting, designing, etc. You name it, Cate can fix it. Additionally, thank you to Melissa Hopkins for her ready assistance.

Congratulations are also in order for this year's award winners:

Marie Gilbert Award • Victoria Wiese

Nancy Bradberry Award • Tara Algieri

Editor's Choice Award • Austin Trockenbrot

All in all, I have enjoyed working on *Gravity Hill*. Although St. Andrews University is not typically known for its large student body or staff, we have a tremendous variety of talent. I'm proud to say that this magazine showcases that talent and gives you a well-rounded look at some of the incredible writers, poets, and artists that make St. Andrews the phenomenal school that it is.

ANNA EGELN, *Editor*

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Drifted

TARA ALGIERI

You drifted out to sea
And lost sight of the shore along the way.
My heart has yet to follow.

The sun can't shine on ever day.
It can't be easy to feel so gray.
But you drifted out to sea.

You locked it up, in a chest far away,
Always keeping help at bay.
And my heart has yet to follow.

Three months later it was May,
I felt your return like a sun ray.
But you drifted out to sea.

I couldn't find the words to say,
To bring you home or make you stay.
And my heart has yet to follow.

You never wanted to find a way,
For you were always one to stray.
But you drifted out to sea,
And my heart has yet to follow.

Haiku

JORDAN BABER

During winter day
Leaves freeze on the whittled branch
Still, like toy soldiers.

Weezy Wayne

Every girl wants a piece of Wayne
Body covered in tattoos
Gold and silver Jesus pieces
Burberry frames on while his locks hang low
Premium denim and a pair of chucks
Just standing there ghosting a blunt
Reading his eyes, he could only be thinking
Fuck it, I'm me

Yeah, I am Lil Wayne
I do as I please
No shirt, Polo draws
Just let me smoke my weed
And take your girl
I do this

Jiggs

JIM BEALES

His Dad called him “Jiggs” after the comic strip of the time. In the strip, Jiggs was forever getting into difficult scrapes of his own doing, but by the end of the strip, only four frames later, he had somehow been rescued from the predicament by others. Life, for the fictional Jiggs, was back to normal, and readers eagerly awaited the next week’s escapade.

The boy, the real Jiggs, was a freckled faced lad of normal build. A sensitive boy, he was friendly and outgoing. All youngsters of the Depression period and their families “were poor, but didn’t know it,” as the saying went.

In spite of the tough economic times, Jiggs enjoyed the camaraderie of his friends. Childhood: pick-up games of baseball on the uneven and coarse neighborhood vacant lot, camping in the deep woods, pitching a tent, fishing on placid streams, catching frogs in the brooks nearby, the pleasure of getting soaked building dams in roadway gutters during the rain were all part of the pattern of youth. Play lasted from early morning when the sun came up until the time when their mothers called the children home for dinner.

Of all the activities of summertime, though, the best were days spent at the beach. It was only a short bicycle ride away. Bicycling through the village, meeting up with friends, arriving at the beach in the early morning, the smell of low tide, the screech of seagulls overhead transported Jiggs and his friends to a magical place. They did not mind quickly taking off their street clothes hanging them on a rusty nail in the beach house, and donning wet—and cold—swim trunks. It was part of the Fun of Summertime.

Sometimes, instead of taking his bike, his family packed into the old second hand Essex car and drove to the beach club together. Belonging to the private beach club was an expense that his parents could not afford but, through the generosity of Jiggs’ grandparents who lived nearby, his family was able to have a

locker room of their own and enjoy free use of the facilities.

The beach club was a large structure, built on a rocky coast. It was created by cement poured over a rocky coastline. There were several swimming pools, ramps for the launching of boats, and enclosed areas filled with sand where small children could play. Concrete ramps had pipe railings to keep members from falling onto the slippery rocks below. Beyond the built up area, the rocky coastline held dominance. Boulders awash with seaweed were the dominant feature. Often the rocks were so numerous that they sheltered small pools which trapped minnow and fiddler crabs on the outgoing tide. It was fun discovering them.

But boys with bare feet were in imminent danger of falling on the rocks, which were festooned with slippery seaweed. Where the seaweed was absent, barnacles as sharp as razors appeared, adding to the risk of losing one's balance.

Fathers of that time did not spend a great deal of time with their children. It was hard enough to keep food on the table without the added chore of being a doting parent. Nevertheless, there is in all parents the sudden feeling of guilt: that they must spend more time with their children.

Jiggs' Dad had such feelings occasionally. And so it came to pass that on one sunny Saturday afternoon at the beach, Jigg's Dad said pointing, "I have been given the use of a canoe owned by a friend. Meet me out at that distant rocky point. You can climb aboard and we will paddle back to the dock together."

To Jiggs that seemed like a swell idea. After all, he had not spent much time with his Dad. He did have love and affection for his parents, and here he was, being singled out by his Dad, and offered a chance to go with him in a canoe! It made him feel very grown-up. Here was a chance to be like an adult, combining his effort with his Dad in paddling the fragile craft back to the dock. He and his Dad.

The project made Jiggs feel older, a more mature person. It was a special treat: Jiggs had been recognized by his Dad as a person of responsibility. He swelled with inner pride and inner anticipation.

Dad had said to meet him at the rocky point. Jiggs realized it would take some careful walking by him in his bare feet over the slippery seaweed and barnacle encrusted rocks to reach the rendezvous. He had to scramble carefully, and the journey out to the abandoned point took some time to do.

He watched as his Dad worked the canvassed-bottomed canoe carefully toward the rocky shore. The tide was coming in, and there were sea swells, heaving the craft, and requiring deft navigating by his Dad not to founder on the rocks.

It was plain that an unexpected incoming swell would push the fragile canoe on the rocks. It was dangerous—careful, careful now! Dad would paddle closer, then back paddle furiously as an incoming swell propelled the canoe closer to the dangerous rocks. His Dad backed off, waited for calmer seas, and then paddled closer. Jiggs, to be helpful, winnowed his way beyond some rocks, and was in water up to his knees. He dare not wade out farther; he needed leverage to climb aboard.

Dad tried again to reach him: each time the canoe was buffeted by the swells, which were becoming more frequent and more dangerous.

Dad started cursing to himself at the predicament he was in, with a canoe which did not even belong to him. A canvassed-bottomed canoe stood little chance against the submerged boulders. "It's no use, I can't reach you," his Dad cried out.

"That's okay, Dad," said a crestfallen Jiggs. Jiggs began to cry at the predicament his Dad was in. He was sure that if he scrambled back to the dry ground that his Dad would be mad at him for leaving him in such a dreadful fix, leaving just when success was at hand. So he stayed. And he cried. And Dad tried again, even closer, ever more dangerous. As Dad saw the expression on his son's face, he tried even harder to reach the boy. Moments passed, but still no luck.

Finally, Jiggs realized that the only way out of this dilemma was for him to leave. He did, abandoning his Dad to find a safe way to end this dreadful scene. He had to get away from the rocks.

Jiggs scrambled over the slippery rocks, taking care not to slip. He dared not look back: the look on his Dad's face would be enough. He could sense the pent up anger.

What had begun as an adventure between father and son had turned into an embarrassing scene. Onlookers at the beach saw the crying boy and then the man paddling a canoe toward the dock, wondering what had happened.

Jiggs felt the entire failed episode had been his fault. Why he felt guilty was not the point. Perhaps it was because he had held such high hopes of paddling, with his Dad, triumphantly back to the beach club dock. Perhaps it was because it was a rare day to be with his Dad, and it had gone so wrong. Later, despite attempts to make him feel better, Jiggs continued to feel bad until he went to bed that night, and said his prayers.

Before falling asleep Jiggs said to himself it was just more fun playing with kids his own age, after all.

A Simple Grace (for Widow Blevens)

BETTE BURGESS

She studied the sky
Searching for navy clouds
on the horizon,
surveyed the fields
for gray lines traveling.

She pined for rain to simply
water the wilted garden,
clean the charged air,
swallow the swirling dust.

Past midnight thunder hammered
her dream, lightning rick-racked
outside her windows, rain played
a steady rhythm on her tin roof,
splattered the vegetables,
settled on the cotton and tobacco fields,

cooled the breeze that sifted
through her screens,
dried the damp hair
on her forehead.

Miss Lillian (a chance encounter at Walmart)

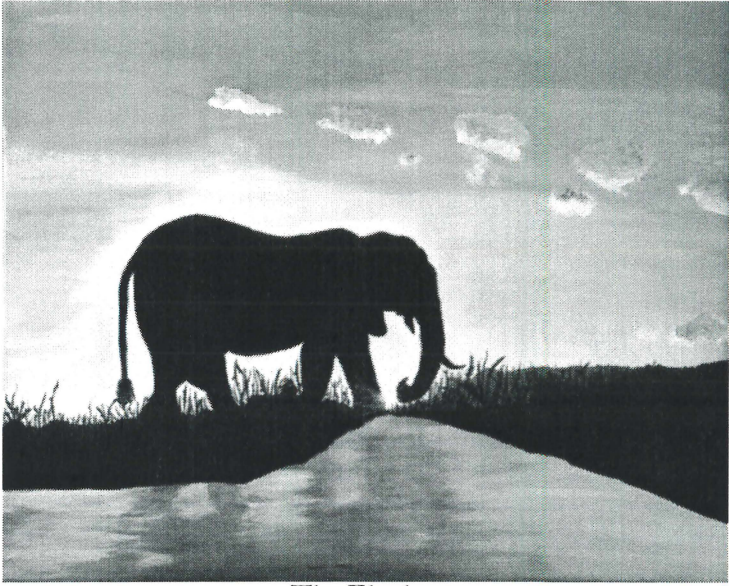
Now, she is a tiny woman
with a head as round
as a grapefruit,
her sparse hair thin and fine
as a newborn.

She grooms this mist
of gray fog that lifts briefly
over her crown and grows
with determination to the nape
of her neck where she secures
it in pincurls.

Miss Lillian barely remembers
the days when she taught
Latin and French at the Carolina
Conservatory for Women.
She dressed like an elegant European
woman in long dresses her shoulders
wrapped in lush silk scarves.

She wore dangling gold earrings
that mesmerized her students.
Winter and summer she walked
the campus in her stockings
and leather heels.

The fragrance of lavender
floated after her and the shimmer
of black hair was held tightly
in a neat French twist.



The Elephant
DYLAN MERCER

Kitty

CHELSEA CLASPER

w e
have the c
utest kitty ever. She is ju
st a little calico fluff ball
with black patches und
er her eyes. She is so
funny when
she chases imagi
nary mice. She loves
wrestle with our hands,
and will hide under our b
eds , then run and attack
our feet and legs. She is t
he most adorable cat ever.
And the way she tries to
Climb in our shoes could
melt
even
the
coldest
heart.

Ending in Hope
MORGAN CLAY

I end in hope
even when my spine could be read like braille
even when my legs curved like parenthesis
my sighs were ellipses that didn't allow you to catch your
breathe.

I'm sorry my poems are so long and deep.

I'm sorry for the scarred wrists.

I'm sorry I threw myself into you.

But if you read my stories to the end
you will see doves perched.

And if you run to the end
you will see doves perched.

And if you run to the end
you will see doves perched.

And if you run to the end

You will see the coastline

with seagulls

and white sandcastles

and sunrise

I always end in hope

Spartan Apples
ALLIE GARLAND

I pick up this red apple
And remember.
I take the first painful bite
and shed a tear.

This lonely meal is not the same.
You are no longer here with me.
The taste seems unfamiliar
As if it were something new or foreign.
My grandfather used to cut them for me.
Slice by slice, piece by piece,
He told me stories.

I pick up this red apple
And remember.
I eat the apple
And I cry.

Celebrity

ALICE V-Z I HARRISON

They gleam and gloat
And gladly tote the talismans of fame,
While waving to a group of fans
They'll never know by name.

They'll make their way to a balcony,
All through the field of faces,
While bodyguards in front and back
Keep people in their places.

When finally above the crowd,
They'll fondly stare so sweet
and smile in place of greeting,
To those fans they hate to meet.

New Apartment

PARK HOEY

Jack Carter, 25 years old, intelligent, ambitious man who has just gotten married.

Lara Carter, 23 years old, attractive, well-dressed woman, married to Jack.

Stacy Jackson, 56 years old, Lara's well-to-do mother.

Scene I: The set is a new apartment. Upstage left there are stacks of marked boxes that have yet to be unpacked. There is a small couch and television center stage left and a card table center stage that serves as a dining table. Everything is very simple and inexpensive because this is the couple's first time having their own apartment together and they are very concerned with saving their money. There are two doors on opposite sides of the stage. The door upstage right leads outside and the other leads to the bedroom. The door upstage right is where the couple first enters. Lara walks in first with her eyes being covered by Jack who follows her in.

Lara

Can I open them yet?

Jack

(Removes his hand covering her eyes)

Yes!

Lara

(She looks around, clearly trying to show the reaction he is hoping for)

Wow, Jack! This is great. I really love it.

(She kisses him)

Jack

Good, I'm glad you like it. I know it's not really what we want in

the long run, but I got a great deal on the lease **f**rom Jerry.

Lara

He's the manager of the Moe's downstairs?

Jack

Yeah, and he's doing us a big favor by letting us stay here for so little. You should come down and meet him.

Lara

Maybe later. Wow, you can really smell the burritos in here can't you?

Jack

Really? I hadn't noticed.

Lara

Yeah, it's pretty pungent. Maybe I'll pick up some wall plug-ins when I go to the store today. That should take care of it.

Jack

Whatever you want. Just be careful not to go over our grocery budget for the week.

Lara

Grocery budget.

(Laughs)

That's something I never had to worry about before. Not that I'm complaining, I know my parents spoiled me and I'm kind of excited to take responsibility for my own finances. Anyway, I think I'm going to head out now. That smell is so strong! Febreeze, Febreeze, Febreeze!

(She exits)

Jack

(Calling after her)

Try and find generic Febreeze!

(Jack walks over to the boxes and starts to unpack the top one which is full of kitchen supplies)

Jack

(To the audience)

I can tell she doesn't like this. I don't blame her. Her father is the CEO of a major cell phone network and she's never had to budget anything a day in her life. This has to be somewhat of a rude awakening. I wish I could tell her what I have planned for us, but I want it to be a surprise. I also can't help but be curious as to how much success she'll have living on such limited means. It's almost a test of our relationship. Granted, maybe this was something I should have figured out before we got married, but what can I say? I love her.

(He continues to unpack and the lights dim to black)

Scene II: Three weeks later. Same apartment but decorations have been added to the walls and the boxes have all been unpacked and put away. Jack is in the living room eating cereal for breakfast before heading to work. Lara walks in from stage left in a fluffy robe and slippers, clearly not feeling well. She goes and sits across from Jack.

Jack

Still not feeling well?

Lara

You could say that, I just threw up again.

Jack

(Reaching across to hold her hand)

I'm sorry, honey. Maybe you've got the flu or something. You should go see a doctor.

Lara

(Sharply)

I don't have the flu or a virus. There's nothing else wrong with me and I don't have a fever.

Jack

Well, then, what do you think it is?

Lara

I know what it is, I've already told you.

Jack

Do you honestly think that the smell from the restaurant downstairs is the reason you keep getting sick?

Lara

I know it is! I can't stand it! It's disgusting! All I smell all day long is that vile, cheesy stench coming up through our vents.

Jack

Lara, we've got air fresheners in almost every outlet and you Febreeze the furniture almost daily. I don't smell it; I think that you must be getting a stomach bug or something.

Lara

For the last time, I'm not getting sick! It's this damn apartment that's making me sick! I don't like living here! I want to move!

Jack

Babe, I've already told you that we have a great deal on this place. Times are tight and until I get a promotion, we really need to stay here. If we moved, we'd be backing out on our contract with Jerry and investing even more money into a new place, not to

mention the cost of renting another moving truck. You already have enough trouble staying within our budget as it is, do you really want it to be even tighter?

Lara

(Rising dangerously out of her chair)

I don't care. I cannot live here anymore. I'm doing my best with our money, but I'm not perfect. The point is, I can't stand it here. It's torture, Jack.

Jack

We just can't right now, sweetie. Just give me some time to save and we can probably manage it in about six months.

Lara

No. I'm not waiting that long.

Jack

You don't have a choice, hon. I'm so sorry that you're not happy here but there's nothing I can do for a while.

Lara

I don't have a choice?! I have a choice, all right. I'm leaving now and you just let me know when you find a new place. How's that?

(She marches through the door offstage left and slams it behind her)

Jack

(Runs to the door and shakes the handle, which he finds locked. He bangs on the door and begs her to let him in)

Lara! Lara! Come on, I said I was sorry! My hands are tied and there's nothing I can do right now!

(He listens to the door and hears nothing from inside the bedroom. He walks back to the couch and collapses onto it. He pulls a cell phone from

his pocket and dials Jerry's number. Jerry's voice is not heard)

I Hey, Jerry? It's Jack, I've got a problem. Lara's leaving. What should I do? She said she can't stand living here anymore and she has to leave and that she'll come back when we move to another place. What? No, she has no idea we're staying here for free. I wanted to surprise her when I had enough money saved for the down payment on that house I found. I've been saving like crazy for months and months just to surprise her. I don't know what to do. Normally, I would be able to calm her down but she's been so emotional lately that I can't even talk to her. I guess I'll just go find her after work and see if I can reason with her. I'll call you later. Bye.

(To the audience.)

This is not what I expected. Maybe she just truly isn't happy with me after all.

(Jack, looking defeated, puts the phone in his pocket. He slowly rises, grabs his briefcase and exits. A few moments later, a very flustered looking Lara comes out of the bedroom with a small suitcase and exits, as well.)

Scene III: Stacy Jackson's home, where Lara grew up. Set is the living room. There are two expensive looking couches, a large television, and a small bar area. Everything is lavishly decorated and spotless. Stacy is flicking through channels on the television when Lara enters from stage right. Stacy quickly switches off the television.

Stacy

Are you feeling any better?

Lara

Not really. I don't understand why I'm still getting sick three days later.

Stacy

It's probably just stress. And who could blame you? Not an easy transition you just tried to make.

Lara

What if I was wrong, though? What if it wasn't the apartment that was making me sick?

(Gasps suddenly and rushes out stage right.)

(From stage left a knock is heard. Stacy goes out and the following conversation is heard offstage.)

Stacy

What do you think you're doing here?

Jack

I just came to see how she's doing. I haven't even talked to her since she left. It's not like we're getting divorced or anything. Can I come inside?

Stacy

I took her phone when she got here. She needs some time to herself. Have you found a new apartment yet?

Jack

No, I can't afford it just now. Didn't she tell you that? I'm doing the best I can. Just please let me in, this is ridiculous.

Stacy

You're not coming in. She doesn't want to see you or talk to you. Leave my property now.

(The sound of the door slamming is heard just as Lara walks slowly back into the living room. Stacy reenters.)

Lara

Who was that?

Stacy

Just Jack. Don't worry, I got rid of him.

Lara

What?! No! I have to talk to him!

Stacy

He's gone already.

Lara

Give me back my phone! I've played your game long enough and I need to talk to my husband!

Stacy

Honey, he's no good for you. Realize it and move on.

Lara

Give me the fucking phone!

Stacy

(Startled.)

Lara! I—

Lara

Goddamn it, Mom! Now!

Stacy

(Grabs her purse and hurriedly finds the phone.)

I think you're making a big mistake, Lara. You could do so much better than this.

Lara

Shut the fuck up! I don't want to hear your bullshit anymore.

(Dials and waits impatiently for an answer.)
Hello? Jack? It's me. I have to talk to you. No, don't come back here. I'll meet you at the apartment.

(Lara hangs up and exits, leaving Stacy looking dazed on the couch.)

Scene IV: Back in the apartment. Jack is sitting nervously at the table when Lara enters, looking flushed.

Jack

(Jumping up from his chair.)

What is it? What's going on?

Lara

First, I just want to tell you that I'm so sorry. There's nothing wrong with this apartment. I don't want to move; I just want to stay here with you.

Jack

It's fine! It's fine! Now, what is it?

Lara

I never appreciated it enough here. Lot's of space, right in the middle of town, no neighbors—

Jack

Okay! What's going on?

Lara

Please forgive me!

Jack

I forgive you! C'mon! Tell me now!

Lara
I know why I've been getting sick.

Jack
Yeah, I know, the smell.

Lara
No, not the smell.

Jack
What, then?

Lara
I'm pregnant.

Jack
What?

Lara
I don't know why I didn't realize it sooner, but I am. It just never crossed my mind before.

Jack
This is incredible. This is great news, and I've got more.

Lara
What?

Jack
I bought us a house.

Lara
What?

Jack
Remember that little house we always pass on the way to Cindy's? The one you said was cute? I bought it today.

Lara

How?

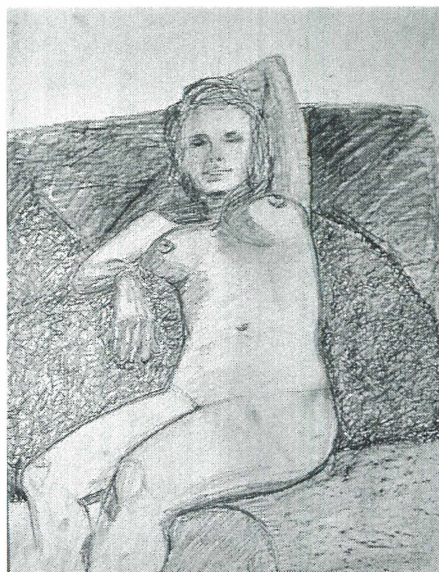
Jack

I've been saving and saving. I wanted to wait about six more months to have a little cushion money but you've been so amazing about staying in the budget, we can do it a bit longer.

Lara

I can't believe this! You bought us a house! Let's go now! This apartment reeks!

(They exit together. Curtain closes.)



Titanic
Victoria Bickett

Doodle

MEGAN JOLLY

She put the pencil
In her right hand
Brought it down
To touch the paper
Drew a scribble
Of a loving heart
And then turned
Over the utensil
To erase the doodle.

Hurricane Irene
JEAN JONES

*The wild God of the world is sometimes merciful to those
That ask mercy, not often to the arrogant.
You do not know him, you communal people, or you have for-
gotten him;
Intemperate and savage, the hawk remembers him;
Beautiful and wild, the hawks, and men that are dying, remem-
ber him.*

—Robinson Jeffers

We give you names you do not deserve or ask for
We personify you, predict you as if we understand you
And we hate you, despise you because all we don't understand
we despise,
And yet, you are, as powerful, beautiful, majestic, and unlikely
as a waterspout off Carolina Beach, or the occasional tornado
that surprises
everyone including neighbors, and residents, killing,
but that was not your intention....

Your intention, the same as ours, is to exist, just the same as
Blake's Tyger, and though he was we could wonder about "thy
fearful symmetry," who are we to ask you about it? Was the
world created for us and our pleasure?
We think so, we act so, and if it does not conform to our pleas-
ure, we are angry.

"We do not know him, we have forgotten him," but you, storm, cre-
ated for the pleasure of God, you know this, you have not forgotten
him, and you remind us, in your existence,
whose world this is.

Autumn's Sun

SHIRLEY D. JONES

Autumn's sun is so deceptive;
At four o'clock,
It shines brightly
High in the sky.

Dogs sleep in patches of sunlight;
Time stands still
As the sun drops low
With blinding rays.

As dusk comes, a semicircle
Or band of light
Glow in the west
Then fades away.

At five-thirty, darkness descends
Like curtains closed
Or a shade pulled
Without warning.

Moccasin Gap

Before Roxboro was named for
An English town
It was known
As Moccasin Gap.

The rolling terrain and big rocks
Gave shelter
To rodents and snakes
Of all species.

But as the early
Settlers cultivated
The Piedmont county,
They would see snakes.

Although black snakes were abundant,
Nothing was more
Feared than the fangs
Of moccasins.

It became an unwritten law
That whoever
Saw it first should
Kill the serpent.

And so one day I came
Of age, took a hoe
And gave fatal blow
Upon its head.



Heaven Can Wait
ANNA EGELN

Life's A Gamble
MEGAN NELSON

As the purple Dodge Durango pulled out of the garage, Ethan turned to Paul and said, "Do you want to go to the casino?" It was only a month after Paul's 18th birthday but it was legal now, and they used that to their advantage.

"Yeah, man!" said Paul, as he turned up the music and rolled down the windows to smell the fresh, fall breeze.

Ethan reached into the backseat, swerving a little as he grabbed the Mountain Dew he had purchased the other day. He could feel it rattling around, along with all the other miscellaneous items he had in his car. As he opened the bottle, the contents fizzed and poured over into his lap. A trash can on wheels. Ethan's car contents could basically describe him, if someone wanted to take the time to look through everything: an old, smelly hockey bag with his sticks and a helmet inside; a McDonald's bag from a week before; a pair of brightly colored shorts that had somehow gotten into his car; loads of empty Mountain Dew bottles; and cologne.

After Ethan had swerved a few times, Paul thought, sometimes I wonder how this kid got his license. He is always texting and not paying attention. Oh well, we'll be fine!

"I feel like we never do anything but go to the casino," sighed Ethan.

"That's because we don't do anything else. That's what happens when you keep winning, I guess," said Paul.

As the cold air rushed in through the windows brushing at Paul's face, he thought about how good he had it. His life was pretty easy and he didn't have to worry about much, especially since he was making hundreds of dollars at the casino every week.

"Man, we have it good, don't we?" said Paul.

Ethan thought about how Paul always talked about their easy lives. I mean we do have it good, but sometimes things aren't perfect. Paul exaggerates.

Ethan and Paul saw the bright lights and neon signs ahead that flashed "CASINO." They had to make a U-turn to get into the casino, so when Ethan had the green arrow he began to turn left, and as he was about halfway through the turn, a car ran the red light and sped straight into the passenger side of the car.

Glass shattering. Screaming. Tires screeching. Everything went black. When Ethan woke up, he was in an ambulance. The smell of metal and blood filled his nose as he struggled to open his eyes. The blinding, bright light made him squint as a faint beeping noise became more apparent. Voices filled his head and questions started to spill out of his mouth. As he touched the cotton sheets neatly laid beneath him, his eyes continued to search for Paul. "Where's Paul? Is he okay? What happened?" sputtered Ethan, fearful of what had happened to his best friend.

Finally as the sirens turned off and they rounded a corner, Ethan could feel the cool summer breeze blow into the ambulance as the doors opened. He was hoisted up and out of the vehicle and hurried into the hospital. "Will you please tell me where Paul is?" gasped Ethan.

"Son, let's just get you better and then you can go and see Paul," said the somber man in the uniform.

Ethan was rushed into a white room with nothing on the walls except "don't spread germs" and "wash your hands." After Ethan was placed onto a new bed he looked down and saw blood all over his shirt and pants, but he didn't seem to be bleeding. A doctor walked in and told Ethan how his leg had been shattered from the car crushing it, and he was going to need surgery to repair it but other than that he was going to be okay. "What is all this blood from then?" Ethan asked.

"When the other car hit you, your friend Paul was very seriously injured. We are not sure if he is going to make it, but we are doing everything we can to save him," said the doctor, like it wasn't a big deal.

Ethan's head started to spin and he felt nauseous. He started to sweat and he wondered what his life would be like without Paul. What? How can that be? Paul is fine. He's going to be fine

right?

The doctor looked grim, "We are doing everything we can. You need to heal your leg and rest. You have gone through a lot tonight."

I know you're doing everything you can, thought Ethan. That's not what I care about; I want to know if Paul is going to be okay.

Finally, the doctor left. Ethan was not going to lie around while his best friend lay alone in a room about to die. Ethan rolled himself off the bed, and with a thump, landed on the ground. His leg shot pain through his body but he made his way to a wheelchair waiting in the corner of this depressing room. He pulled himself into the chair and crept out the door, looking both ways to make sure his doctor wasn't standing outside.

After sneaking through hallways and pretending like he knew where he was going so no one would ask questions, he made his way to the ICU wing of the hospital. He asked the nurse at the front desk where Paul Lowe was and, after many questions and Ethan begging to let him through, she finally said, "Room 340."

Ethan thanked the nurse and wheeled his way to an unknown territory. The door was shut and he was nervous to see what Paul looked like. He opened the door slowly and there was his best friend, his right hand man, gasping for air and reaching out to him. Ethan instantly rolled to him and held his hand. "I'm so sorry, Paul, I'm so sorry," cried Ethan.

As if Paul had been waiting for Ethan to get there, he looked at his best friend and smiled as best he could. They cried together as Paul struggled with life and death and finally Ethan said, "It's time to let go, Pauly."

Old Folks' Memories

JAKE NIX

Just a reminiscing moment,
Taking a break from the chores,
The old man and woman
Remember with fondness,
Their past fleeting youth.

They envision a grand gala.
They forget the quaint farm.
Lost in memory he takes her hand,
And twirls her into the middle of the barn.

Visions of chandeliers and marble columns
Blind them to the hay and dirt and dust.
Together they waltz and forget for a time
The many years past and the age
That lies heavy on their shoulders.

They waltz along in the sawdust.
They live again the passions of youth.

Haiku
BEN PARR

Red and gold leaves
Stumble and twist to the dirt
Like drunken moths

My Mind's On Tour

Sitting in the library fed up
Just want to pack my ish up
Get up, head for the door
Daydreams racing all the time
Like my mind's on tour
I just need a fresh rhyme
One to help me meet a fine dime

Skull candy on my ears
Def, DOOM, and Hova is all I hear
I swear, looking anywhere for inspiration
Working out my mind's eye, needs a lift
Kweli told me look everywhere even walls of a train station
No use, maybe I'll employ the help of a spliff
Put pen to paper to practice this swift gift.

Every Dog Has Its Day

VINCENT PUGH

"Guys, this is the chance of a lifetime," Coach Don Rigger said as he addressed our team in a timeout taken with forty-six seconds left in the second overtime period of the state championship lacrosse game.

"This is the time in which your legacy will be written. How will you be remembered? Vince, I believe I speak for everyone when I say we trust you taking this shot. You've done more than anyone can ask to get us this far and all I ask for is a little more."

I looked around the huddle to see all my teammates nodding in agreement with the coach. Unsure about what to say I just gave my coach a nod, and we broke the huddle with a loud "Bulldogs!" Hearing this the stands erupted with the sound of over seven hundred lacrosse fans from all over the state of Georgia, in anticipation of seeing a game winning goal and a conclusion to a seemingly Cinderella like story that my school had presented.

I walked onto the field knowing exactly what I was to do. I needed to do. I picked up the ball at the midfield line and waited for everyone to get to his position and the referee to blow the whistle, signifying the start of play.

"Number twenty-seven, are you ready?" the referee shouted with one hand up in the air and the other holding the whistle in his mouth.

"As ready as I'm going to get," I said quietly as I nodded to the referee.

He then blew the whistle and I began my attack at the goal. It was evident that everyone knew what we were going to do as all of my teammates set up on the left side of the field allowing me to go one-on-one with my defender. As I approached the defender I could see the focus in his eyes, and he seemed worried as I had already scored on him a few times before in this game and in our last game.

I ran at him and faked as if I was going to go to my left, and as soon as I saw my defender turn his hips to run with me to the

left, I redirected to the right and ran right past him and at an angle away from his help defenders. Now there was only the goalie left to beat. I faked a shot to the lower left corner and the goalie, who was already on edge due to the situation, immediately dropped to his knees to save the shot. This left me with an open net chance and the game pretty much in hand. I took a shot for the top right corner of the goal in which the goalie had no chance in saving ...

Before moving to Georgia, I was reared on Long Island, New York, where lacrosse is a more celebrated sport than football. I started playing lacrosse at the age of six and never missed a season (whether it be spring, summer, fall, or winter). It was something that my brothers Isaac, Trevor, and I shared as we all played and were the only "brothers" on the team. The three of us played different positions. Whenever we had disputes, instead of fighting we would put pads on and play each other in lacrosse in the backyard. Then, Trevor was eighteen, I was fifteen, and Isaac was Fourteen. We became pretty well known once we got to high school together. It was Trevor's senior year and he had already signed to Brown University on a full scholarship. I was only a freshman but there were high expectations for me as people would say I was better than Trevor. My freshman year at Longwood High School I started alongside Trevor and the team went undefeated in the regular season and lost in the second round of the state playoffs.

The following year Isaac came up to the high school as a freshman and had his own hype surrounding him as he had broken some records at the junior high school level. Isaac was moved up to the varsity level to play alongside me. We started off the season well, however, the team fell off because Isaac broke his arm in a game and was out for the season. The team went on to lose in the first round of the playoffs.

The summer after my sophomore year I ran into a problem with my stepfather and was forced to move to Georgia to live with my grandmother. Lacrosse was a fairly new sport in the South as only forty-six high schools had a varsity lacrosse pro-

gram. Only ten of the schools were public schools. I feared for the worst: I wouldn't be able to play lacrosse again. After three days of nonstop searching I found Decatur High School, which was a charter school, a thirty minute drive from my home that was introducing varsity lacrosse in the upcoming year. The application process of getting into the school was hard as I had more than a couple fights on my discipline record and I lived a decent way outside the school district. The school finally accepted me three days before the beginning of the lacrosse season on a nine hundred dollar a month tuition fee. A small price to pay to be able to play lacrosse again.

The first day in my new school was difficult because I went from a big school with over four thousand students and almost everyone knowing me to a small school of under three hundred students and everyone looking at me like I was lost. All I could do was pray for the school day to be over and to have my first lacrosse practice with my new team.

After school I went to the old locker room which was falling apart, as Decatur High School was home of the oldest stone stadium left in the United States. The lacrosse players in the locker room all turned and looked at me as I walked in.

"Who the hell is this scrub?" said Chris Clarke, the team's captain.

I didn't say anything, I just walked to the far corner of the locker room and changed into my lacrosse gear.

In the beginning of the practice Coach Rigger came out and introduced me to my new found team.

"Kids, I would like you to meet your new co-captain, Vincent Pugh."

"That's bullshit!" Chris Clarke interrupted.

"Vincent is from a well established lacrosse program on Long Island and has a good knowledge of the sport," Coach Rigger continued. "Is there anything you would like to say, Vincent?" I shook my head no and we began to practice. It wasn't long into the practice until Chris tried to show his dominance by trying to hurt me. Running down the field Chris tried to hit me in the back

after the whistle. I saw him coming and moved.

"That would've been painful and illegal had you succeeded" I said (the only thing I said the whole practice).

After the practice the other players introduced themselves to me and tried to make me feel comfortable with my new surroundings by inviting me to Chick-fil-a. I went along with them and became acquainted with some of my teammates. At practice the next day we got ready for the first game of the season. I was a bit worried for my team was rather inexperienced and I had no clue what the opposition was like.

The first game was against McIntosh High School. Before the game I was a bit nervous because everyone was expecting a lot from me and I was unsure what I was up against. The game wound up being more of a learning opportunity than anything as I only scored three of the teams seven points in our 7-4 victory. After the game everyone was praising me and saying "good game" constantly but I knew I could do better, so the praise fell on deaf ears.

The next week of practice was spent learning plays and building chemistry with my new teammates. There were a lot of kids that did not like me just because I was from New York; however, as long as they respected me on the field we could be successful.

In the second game of the season against Riverwood High School I exceeded expectations. I broke the state record for goals in a game of seven, with eleven goals and added on three assists as well. The fans erupted at the end of the game because not only had they just witnessed a record being broken, it was by a relatively unknown person.

The following weeks through the regular season presented more of the same. I went on to break the record for points in a single season by one player and was named 1st team All-State (two votes away from All-American). I received a vast amount of publicity as I was in the Atlanta Journal Constitution five times and was the topic of discussion on multiple forums. Everything was going well. I was seemingly living the life that every young

high school athlete wishes for. It was my junior year so schools were allowed to start talking to me and I received many letters and calls. Many of the big schools were not interested in me though, due to the fact that I was putting up these stats in the South which is considered to be weak lacrosse.

With the success came the acceptance of my teammates. It was a lot easier to get along while winning rather than losing. Chris Clarke and I became good friends as well as a good tandem on the field.

We finished off the season with a record of 11-3 and a third place seed in Decatur High School's first year of a varsity program. Our biggest loss was by three points to Lassiter High School. Our team was motivated going into the playoffs as we were the only team to make it to the playoffs in any sport in the last four years.

The first round of the playoffs was rather unchallenging as we played McIntosh High School and beat them with a score of 14-5. The papers began to talk about our school and call us the people's champ as we seemed focused to win the state championship.

The second round of the playoffs was against a school we had never played before, Lovett High School. This teamed turned out to be a worthy adversary as they kept the game close and we only won by two goals with a final score of 7-5. I scored six of the seven goals.

The third round of the playoffs was against St. Pius High School. This was a team that was well established in Georgia and makes a playoff run every year. The game was close but we pulled away in the fourth quarter and advanced to the state championship game with a score of 13-8.

Now it was time for the state championship game as we were playing Lassiter High School. The game was on March 26, 2008, at Georgia Tech's Yellow Jacket Stadium. It was a televised game on Fox Sports South network, as well as over seven hundred fans in attendance for the game under the lights.

During the pre game warm ups for the game I was pulled

aside and interviewed by a reporter from the Atlanta Journal Constitution.

"What have you changed in your preparation to beat a team that has bested you once already?" the reporter asked.

"We didn't change anything at all. If we execute our game plan they will be forced to adjust to our pace and we will be in control of the outcome."

Once I finished the interview I finished the pre game preparations with my team and the referee blew the whistle to signal that it was game time.

The first quarter of the game was not even a struggle for the rest of the team and me; we were up 4-0 in the first five minutes. It would seem as though Lassiter had taken us for granted and were caught off guard by our aggressiveness. We finished the quarter up by six with a score of 7-1.

During the quarter break I could hear the opposing coach trying to motivate his team.

"You guys have got to be absolutely kidding me. You're getting treated like a red-headed step child out there. If you don't want to be here let me know and I will go forfeit the game and save myself and you the embarrassment. Now get it together and win this game!"

Chris Clarke and I laughed at the fact that their coach truly thought his team could actually come back and beat us.

We started the second quarter with more of the same as we increased the lead to eight in the first two minutes of the quarter. At this point the Lassiter players seemingly realized that they were in a tough situation and began to play harder. Their defense stepped up and began to stop our offenses, as well as created opportunities for their offense. We went into the half winning with a score of 10-7.

The second half of the game was controlled by Lassiter as we finished the third quarter tied with a score of 12-12.

The fourth quarter was even. Whenever one team would score the other would come right back with a goal of their own. There was no yield in either team. The fourth quarter ended in

a tie at 15-15 and the game would come down to sudden death overtime.

In the first overtime neither team could mount an offensive against the opposing team's defense. The players were so rattled by the situation that any shot that they could get off was not even close to the goal. The first overtime ended scoreless and we would have to go through another overtime period.

With the defensive players being tired from their hard play in the first overtime there was a lot more offense in the second overtime. The goalies of both teams had made great saves on shots that could have easily ended the game. With fifty seconds left in the second overtime our team had caught a break as a Lasiter player had committed a penalty and we would be on a man advantage for one minute. Coach Rigger called a timeout so that he could gather the team and create a scheme to end the game with this advantage.

After the time out I walked onto the field knowing exactly what it was that I needed to do. I picked up the ball at the mid-field line and waited for everyone to get to his position and the referee to blow the whistle, signifying the start of play.

"Number twenty-seven, are you ready?" the referee shouted with one hand up in the air and the other holding the whistle in his mouth.

"As ready as I'm going to get," I said quietly as I nodded to the referee.

He then blew the whistle and I began my attack at the goal. It was evident that everyone knew what we were going to do as all of my teammates set up on the left side of the field allowing me to go one-on-one with my defender. As I approached the defender I could see the focus in his eyes, and he seemed worried as I had already scored on him a few times before in this game and in our last game.

I ran at him and faked as if I was going to go to my left, and as soon as I saw my defender turn his hips to run with me to the left, I redirected to the right and ran right past him and at an angle away from his help defenders. Now there was only the

goalie left to beat. I faked a shot to the lower left corner and the goalie, who was already on edge due to the situation, immediately dropped to his knees to save the shot. This left me with an open net chance and the game pretty much in hand. I took a shot for the top right corner of the goal in which the goalie had no chance in saving.

I got hit the second I shot so I was not able to see it on its path to the goal. However, I could hear the very distinctive "DINK!" sound a lacrosse ball makes when it hits the goal post. The crowd let out a loud gasp as nobody could believe what just happened-this was a shot I have made multiple times throughout the year.

The ball rolled out to the midfield line where a Lassiter player picked up the ball and ran down the field on a fast break. Our defensive players were out of place and distraught from what had just happened, and left a Lassiter player wide open in front of our goal. The player received the ball and scored the game winning goal.

The Lassiter High School team stormed the field to celebrate their win.

The reaction I received from my teammates was not the one that I expected. My teammates all came to me and shook my hand and said "good season." The fans we passed on the way to the bus all praised me and said how good of a player I was and that I helped the team a great deal.

It was in the next few days that I decided that I would go to the college that I felt needed my help the most over the schools that were already established. The only big school that offered me a scholarship was Hofstra University in New York. I decided to go to St. Andrews Presbyterian College, the school with the worst record of the past two years of any of the schools.

The following year my brother Isaac moved to Georgia and played for Decatur High School with me. We lost to Lassiter High School in the second round of the playoffs. I received 1st team All-State honors once more and Isaac received 2nd team All-State.

The following year Isaac and the Decatur High School team went on to win the state championship title. He turned down an offer to play at St. Andrews Presbyterian College and plays for the Naval Academy in Maryland.

I play at the least prestigious school of all my siblings. However, when we all get home for breaks, I still beat them when we play in the backyard.

Frequently Heard Conversations at a Party

CAT STUMBERG

hey man can I please bum a smoke
I'll light one for you grab you a beer
goddamnit I hate being broke

no brews how 'bout a rum and coke
three of those will fill you with cheer
hey man can I please bum a smoke

Mumford and Sons plays some damn good folk
crank it loud so it's all we hear
goddamnit I hate being broke

don't be offended it's just a joke
I'm pretty wasted sorry dear
hey man can I please bum a smoke

pass that bowl I might have a toke
finish before the cops appear
goddamnit I hate being broke

sorry I passed out at least I woke
is it just me or is it hot in here
hey man can I please bum a smoke
goddamnit I hate being broke

couldn't keep calm
them back brilliantly
body allowing a



Reflections
SHARON PATTON

Gay Horse
OLIVIA TAYLOR

I once knew a horse that was gay.
When fillies walked by he said, "Neigh."
Then on a dare
Made out with a mare
And now he can swing either way.

Sun Sleeps with Glory

ALEX TINDALL

Fans cheer wildly in applause as the final seconds tick away

The waves roll in with a gentle breeze to follow

The ball is picked up by the one they call captain

Sand slides in between the cracks of his toes

The whistle is the only hurdle between him and glory

The gentle laughter of kids playing in the shallow water

Dirt flies as his cleats dig deep into the earth

Birds fly off into the sun to the distant island

The clash of bodies crash violently to the ground

Pink sun fades to display the painter's art

The net flies back to signal the win

The sun says goodnight to the Northwest

The Beauty in Death
AUSTIN TROCKENBROT

First light comes in, not one word is said.
I take in the sky, a gorgeous shade of red.
I sit in my stand patiently, not making a sound.
My buck is out there somewhere, nibbling at the ground.

He is elusive and gorgeous, but today he will die.
When he falls dead, then victory I will cry.
He will fall in my sanctuary and take his last breath,
The most beautiful portrait of peace and death.

He comes into range, with a nervous look on his face,
But he continues to walk to his final resting place.
I hold my breath as he takes his last,
And the silence is broken with one abrupt blast.

The Marine Corps

The eagle globe and anchor, all in one piece
A symbol of Courage
A badge of Bravery
A sign of Perfection

Only few are able to attain the title
Only few can handle the responsibility
The Corps is bigger than any of its members
The Corps is no stronger than its weakest link

You don't join the Marines
You are transformed into one

Semper Fidelis
Always Faithful



Paradise
SHANA SCHROEDER

Clouds

VICTORIA WIESE

Clouds

A grey sky darkens the world,
Promising life while seeming gloomy

Rain

The skies give the earth their gift
Accompanied by great gusts of wind

Lightning

Energy gathered in the sky
A flashing light, bright, beautiful

Thunder

A rolling noise follows the light
Sounding when the bolt strikes earth

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